A DISCOURSE

To the Right Honourable

Sir *ROBERT WALPOLE.*

To which is annex'd,

PROPOSALS

For Tranſlating the Whole

WORKS of *HORACE,*

With a Specimen of the Performance.

By LEONARD WELSTED, Eſq;

——*Dacus & ultimi*
Noſcent Geloni— peritus
Diſcet Iber, Rhodanique potor.
Hor.

LONDON,
Printed: And Sold by J. ROBERTS in *Warwick-Lane.* 1727.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

To the Right Honourable

Sir *ROBERT WALPOLE*,

KNIGHT of the moſt NOBLE ORDER of the GARTER.

SIR,



IF I take the liberty, which the right of an *Engliſhman* gives me, of converſing with You, by means of the Preſs, You will pleaſe not to interpret this behaviour as ariſing from diſreſpect, or coming from one, who has not a due Senſe of the dignity of the Perſon he addreſſes to: I know, I am now ſpeaking to one of the greateſt Subjects in *Europe*; a Subject, by whoſe counſels his Maſter is the greateſt Prince; to him, who does not poſſeſs power thro' the partial favour of his Sovereign, but by the neceſſity and importance of his own merit; who owes his greatneſs to his Virtues, and is the Firſt of his nation without being ennobled: Your country's proſperity, Sir, emblazons You; Your glory is your title.

I would not, Sir, lengthen this ſhort treatiſe, which I have the honour to write to You, with needleſs compliments and civilities; but I cannot ſpeak to You without being an involuntary Panegyriſt; Your praiſe mingles with my Subject without my care, and there is one amiable part of Your character, I cannot help mentioning, becauſe it leads me into it; I mean, Sir, your love of arts and literature, and the generous encouragement which You are known to have given them on all occaſions: Who ever propoſed any thing with a face of public good, that went from You diſcontented? What Philoſopher, what Poet, has applied to You without reward? Or what endeavour towards excellence in any kind, that has not been received with grace and candour? the courſe of preferments among the learned, the particular regulations of them in reſpect of the clergy, the eſtabliſhment of new Profeſſors in our Univerſities, and the ſeveral Royal bounties, beſtow'd in retribution of merit, are great public teſtimonies of this Spirit in You.

A zeal, ſo laudable for the intereſts of letters, could ariſe only from a ſenſe of their importance to Society: You knew, Sir, that freedom, and its companion, riches, could not make a people great, without learning; You ſaw the effects of encouraging it in Kingdoms not free; You had before You the example of Stateſmen, who for this reaſon only are remembred with honour; You knew likewiſe, that even learning itſelf is under manifeſt diſadvantages, unleſs great regard is had to the more elegant and polite branches of it; for theſe are what not only make it ſhine, but give it in great meaſure its uſefulneſs: Your own example, Sir, furniſhes the brighteſt proof in the world of this truth; that extenſive knowledge, You are Maſter of, had been unprofitable, had You not been able to make it the knowledge of other men;

thoſe talents for buſineſs had been exerted much leſs advantageouſly, unaſſiſted by your eloquence; nor would truth it ſelf, and the pleas of reaſon, have always taken place, apart from the powers of perſuaſion.

Theſe, Sir, were Your motives for patronizing of letters in general; the following reflections, I hope, will be an inducement to You to encourage them in a more particular channel: the intereſt and honour of Your country will always ſway with You; nor is there any thing, I conceive, that can tend more to promote a nation's intereſt, and honour, than to recommend, where it can be done ſucceſsfully, its language to the ſtudy of foreigners: This brings advantages, which even conqueſt cannot give; to make a country the ſtandard of breeding and politeneſs to all others, and the mart of learning, to draw into it an endleſs concourſe of foreigners, to give its learned Natives diſtinction and employment thro' the world, and to make the knowledge of its cuſtoms, manners, and hiſtory, the finiſhing of education. This is the fineſt art of extending dominion, and theſe are the certain conſequences of Univerſality in a living tongue: Was not this the caſe of *Greece* formerly? And is it not the ſame in *France* now? Effects will flow from their cauſes in all countries alike, and the ſame general prevalency of a tongue will produce the ſame things every where: moreover, what gives this privilege to one language, will alſo give it to another; that which made the *French* and *Greek* Univerſal, will make the *Engliſh* ſo too: the excellency of a language itſelf, certainly, goes a great way towards raiſing in ſtrangers the curioſity and deſire of underſtanding it; and this recommendation our own tongue may very juſtly pretend to, and more, I am apt to think, than any other of the modern ones, theſe being, for the moſt part,

either

either too harſh and prærupt, or elſe unenergetic thro' their diffuſeneſs; the *Engliſh*, on the contrary, has both ſoftneſs and vigour; it is at once ſtrong and flowing; ſuited to the familiarity of diſcourſe, or to the caſtigations and ſeverity of writing, with many other diſtinguiſhing perfections, which will come in my way to take notice of: To ſave the trouble of more words for the preſent, this ſubject has been diſcuſs'd in a diſtinct † treatiſe, if the pedantry may for once be excus'd me of referring to my own writings; a privilege ſome Authors aſſume, who have never received that compliment from any but themſelves.

If the goodneſs it ſelf of a tongue is one motive to foreigners to learn it; Another, not leſs ſtrong, is the character of the writers in it, or its abounding with works of wit and genius; which is what men of wit and genius eſpecially cannot reſiſt: And this political reaſon only, one would think, if there were no other, were enough to juſtify the moſt laviſh encouragement of ſuch works: the Epic Poem of *Taſſo* has been a motive, alone, to many to learn *Italian*; Others have learn'd *Spaniſh* for the ſake of Don *Quixott*; And ſome, I am credibly inform'd, have applied to *Engliſh*, induced thereto by the immortal name of our great *Dryden*; Among theſe was the celebrated Archbiſhop of *Cambray*.

A third, yet more powerful, inducement for the acquiring of a Language is its having in it maſterly and good tranſlations, eſpecially of old Authors: This cannot but be an effectual and a deciſive recommendation; for what further recommendation can a language want or have, after it has once transfus'd into itſelf the ſoul of the Claſſical ages, when *Greece* and *Rome* reflouriſh in it, and when the fountains both of

† Vid. *Diſſertation on the Perfection of the* Engliſh *language*, &c.

of ancient and modern wit and ſcience are laid open by the induſtry of its writers? By this means it becomes ſufficient, of itſelf, to all real purpoſes of knowledge, and whoever is acquainted with it, has no occaſion to be acquainted with any other; by being maſter of this ſingle tongue he is, in effect, maſter of many; he is, vertually, an Univerſal linguiſt; he is ſaved the infinite pains and drudgery of acquiring the ſeveral dead or living languages, nor needs to labour in many Mines, when the diſcovery of one recompenſes him with the riches of all: to underſtand ſuch a tongue is the ſame ſort of benefit, as it would be to live in a country, that had in it the various growths of all the climates of the earth without the extremities of heat and cold, and without the toil and expence, that conſpired to their production: That great nation, Sir, ſo long the object of our fears, but now, through the wiſdom of your counſels, in ſtrict friendſhip and alliance with us, is a ſhining example of the truth of what I have aſſerted; their language is now the language of the world; the ſterling Speech, that paſſes every where; One may travel, by its aſſiſtance, to the remoteſt parts, and almoſt through barbarous nations, without an interpreter: And what do they owe this to? to nothing, manifeſtly, ſo much, as to the great and conſtant encouragement given by them to men capable of making excellent tranſlations into their tongue; to ſuch men they refuſed no rewards, and envied no honours; they ranked them in the ſame order of merit with the writers of Original works, and even with the great Originals themſelves, whoſe works they tranſlated; they did not leave this affair to fall into the hands of ignorant and neceſſitous perſons, hired, as has been the practice many years among us, to tranſlate from all languages without underſtanding any, nor gave it up a

Sacrifice

Sacrifice to the craft, wrong judgment, or avarice of booksellers, nor even made it neceſſary to carry on any great undertaking in it by the diſagreeable methods of Subſcription; In a word, merit in this way was made the object of public favour, the road often to preferment, always to reſpect and diſtinction: their Scholars, therefore, and men of wit, ſet themſelves to tranſlate with the ſame ardour, they would have done to form works of invention; they ſpent the ſame time and capacity in it; the famous tranſlator, for Inſtance, of *Curtius*, is known to have employed more than twelve years in that one labour; and ſcarce any conſiderable work of antiquity, but found a hand equal to it, a genius, perhaps, of the ſame excellence with that which firſt compoſed it: Thus the *French* tongue, in a ſhort ſpace of time, became the key to all literature, and, as it were, a compendium of all other tongues, or what comprehended them all in itſelf, and whatever was excellent and of uſe in them: there was no neceſſity, in truth, to know any other tongue: conſequently, curioſity, intereſt, example, pleaſure, every motive inſenſibly and ſwiftly drew in Strangers to the learning of it, 'till by degrees it came to be thought unpolite not to underſtand it, and to ſpeak it was made the reigning accompliſhment, and the moſt eſſential part of education.

Such was the ſurprizing force and effect of placing a juſt value on the art of tranſlating, and of facilitating that province in the hands of perſons, who could acquit themſelves of it; an effect the more to be wondred at, as our learned Neighbours, inſtead of going through with their deſign, could at beſt execute it but partially; an unhappineſs, that aroſe from the natural defects or original inſufficiency of their Tongue, which wants the meaſure, and the cadences or variations of accent, beſides other things, eſſential to the being

of poetry, together with the exactitude and richneſs of rhime, not leſs eſſential to modern poetry, as alſo that roundneſs, that compactneſs, and full tone required in poems of the ſublimer kind; hence it is, that they have never been able to attempt the great Antient Poets with the leaſt colour of ſucceſs; this is what they could not ſo much as touch upon, ſo were obliged to content themſelves with tranſlating only Proſe-books; or what is worſe, with rendring into proſe works of verſe: It requires, 'tis likely, a more perfect acquaintance with a language, than I have with the *French*, to ſee through it, and to judge of it in its moſt intimate properties; but thus far I am undoubtedly in the right, and what was always my private opinion, I may declare with leſs reſerve, ſince I have at length an † Authority for it, that is not to be diſputed: *I am*, ſays this very polite *Frenchman*, *the more affected with what we have*, of poetry, *exquiſite in our language, becauſe it is neither harmonious, nor diverſified, nor free, nor bold, nor proper for lofty flights, and our ſcrupulous verſification renders fine verſes almoſt impoſſible in a long poem.*— And again, —*the* French *poetry is confined*; *it has not the harmony of* Greek *and* Latin *Verſes*— In another place —*Our Heroic Verſes fatigue the ear by their uniformity*; *the* Latin *has an infinite variety of inverſions and cadences*; *the* French *admits no inverſion of phraſe*; *it always proceeds methodically by a Nominative, a Verb, and the Caſe govern'd by it.*— Again, —*the ſeverity of our rules has made our verſification almoſt impoſſible*; *the long verſes are almoſt always either flat or rugged.*— And Mr. *de la Motte* acknowledges, that there is a tireſome monotony in their *Alexandrine*, that is, their heroic verſes: Father *Tarteron* goes yet farther.

This is the ſenſe and judgment of one of the beſt, if not the very beſt judge and writer of the *French* tongue, his nation

† Vid. Mr. *de Fenelon's* letters to Mr. *de la Motte.*

ever boaſted; and 'twas owing, no doubt, to this knowledge of the imperfections of it, that none of his inimitable compoſitions are written in verſe; he knew, that the *French* verſe would cramp the force of his genius and imagination, and that he ſhould want compaſs for his great Poetic Spirit to march in; he foreſaw, he ſhould ſweat in the narrow boundaries of a language, abhorring from metre; therefore, he choſe to expreſs his thoughts always in proſe; but tho' his writings have not the charm of numbers, and the other ornaments of verſification, yet are they poetry in all the flame of it; the temple is void of the embelliſhments of paint and gilding, but yet ſtrikes us with its majeſty; we ſee plainly, there, the ſeat of the Deity.

The *Engliſh* language has none of theſe defects; it is infinitely harmonious; it is ſuited to the exigencies of every ſort and genius of ſtyle; it complies, particularly, with the temper of poetry, and has ſtrength for the utmoſt loftineſſes of it; it needs not to bind up the Senſe at the cloſe of a line or couplett, but can run the verſes, at diſcretion, one into another, and that extreme naturally; a perfection, not to be enough valued, as it creates an agreeableneſs not to be enough admired! It has the Power of arranging its words, like enchantment, and can throw 'em out of the formal grammatical Order with the ſame beauty and freedom almoſt, as thoſe called the learned languages; † *it is*, to conclude, *capable of finely compounding its words oftentimes, like the* Greek, *and in Verſe has many meaſures, the* Iambic *and* Troche *for inſtance, in common with the* Greek *and* Latin; *Rhime is peculiarly natural to it, varying itſelf to the ear with exceſſive ſweetneſs and truth.*

† Diſſertation on the Perfection of the *Engliſh* language.

You

You may perceive, Sir, in ſome meaſure, from what I have ſaid, the many and ſignal advantages which our language enjoys above the *French*, and what we might reaſonably expect, if we would make the uſe, which might be done, of this its ſuperior natural Strength and more fortunate conſtitution: many and excellent verſions of good books from all tongues, even though they ſhould fail, which is yet very improbable, to produce the conſequence, here ſuppoſed, of univerſalizing the language into which they are made; and tho' perhaps other fortuitous circumſtances and things may have their ſway in ſuch an effect, yet are ſuch Verſions, abſtractedly from this view, of a very general good influence, and do a great deal of honour to a nation: nor are there wanting men, however humble my own pretenſions may be, of abilities fit for the boldeſt undertakings of this nature: The *Engliſh* Genius is not loſt; it only ſleeps; 'Tis Yours, Sir, to rewake its powers, and put them in action; the ſhades of the mighty dead, all Antiquity, ſhall ariſe at your command; its poets, orators, and philoſophers appear by their living Repreſentatives, expreſt in a living tongue, which may redeem them from the tyranny that time exerciſes over languages, and prefer them, tho' immortal, in one Senſe, to new life: This, Sir, is a glory, that will be moſt worthy of your adminiſtration; It ſeems, beſide, a debt, which you owe to thoſe illuſtrious writers, You have been ſo much obliged to: The firſt of them, that preſumes to wait on You, is he who was the Ornament of the Court of *Auguſtus*, and particularly honoured with that Prince's friendſhip, that *Roman Horace*, who has charmed every age ſince his own, and who, if he were rightly naturaliz'd, and made a Denizen of *England*, would caſt a luſtre on this nation, which no other can boaſt or is capable of: I cannot, I am ſure, be cenſur'd for my

ambition in aſpiring to the Patronage of the firſt and greateſt of all my countrymen, when I bring with me the firſt and greateſt, in his way, of all the Ancient Poets; nor will I tire You with apologies for my incapacity, however ſenſible I am of it, for ſo important a labour; your favour will, in great meaſure, ſupply my want of ability, and may give me a ſpirit in the proſecution of my work, which a much abler writer might fail of without that aid.

In the mean time, Sir, permit me to complain, to complain even to You, that notwithſtanding your own liberal heart and the good taſte of a few others, there is not yet that general favour for the arts of politeneſs, which has been known in ſome former reigns, not of equal glory with the preſent in any other compariſon: *England* was, then, a nurſing Mother to the Muſes, and cheriſh'd them with ſo indulgent a hand, that they were adopted even into the Order of her Nobles; while the Laurel was eſteemed as great an ornament, as the blue or red Ribband: Thus things were carried to a laudable exceſs, if I may ſo term it, in favour of the learning of humanity: But our Age; far from imitating the paſt, is making haſte into barbarity; You are ſenſible, Sir, that pleaſure is at length wholly migrated from the underſtanding to the ſenſes, And that thoſe noble and manly accompliſhments, prized by our Anceſtors, and which are ſo agreeable to the good Senſe of *Engliſhmen*, are no more in our eſteem, but yield either to the levities of thoſe we have conquer'd, or to the effeminacy of thoſe we deſpiſe: I will not therefore detain You on this hackney'd Argument; Enough of wit and dulneſs, reaſon and anger, has been already expended on it, every one ſpeaking of it after his own heart and according to his proper abilities; I ſhall only produce a Paragraph on this head from a very modern Author, if I may venture to quote an Author in ſo little credit with

You or any of Your friends; *We have*, ſays this gentleman, *acquir'd a reputation for ſtupidity all over* Europe; *the taſte of the moſt wealthy and fortunate people is fallen from every thing, that is ſenſible, ingenious, or noble, and come down to that of the rabble; wherefore an Architect, a Mathematician, or a Poet comes not here for preferment, but a Rope-dancer, a Singer, or a Poſture-maſter expects to be careſs'd, and to make his fortune.* I know very well, that this quotation will make no great figure in the way of learning, nor give much weight to the opinion any one may have of my reading, and that a paſſage from *Plato* or *Zoroaſter* would ſhine much more in the eyes of men of erudition, than one out of * *Miſt's* Journal; however, ſince it was to the purpoſe, I have ſet it down, and the rather, Sir, as it gives me an occaſion to hint to You, that this is a ſubject the diſaffected are particularly fond of, and that they play off moſt of their Engines of wit from this quarter, not altogether ſo much, perhaps, from their affection for the *Belles lettres*, as for more important reaſons; an Eſteem for learning and liberal Arts is, they know, one of the moſt ſpecious covers, that can be made uſe of for diſcontent, and therefore politicly enough they endeavour to charge the decay of them on the conduct of thoſe whom they diſlike: But the childiſh affectations, that now obtain, in oppoſition to Virtue and common Senſe, and the great popularity of expenſive trifles muſt, ſurely, ariſe from very different cauſes: Here, then, let me diſmiſs this ungrateful theme; may no future writer have reaſon to reſume it! Only permit me, Sir, to take this opportunity to intimate, what would tenderly affect You in a vacant hour, the extreme misfortune of gentlemen of a learned education, who have that only to depend on for their ſupport, and the juſtice and reaſon

* *Vid.* Miſt's *Journal*, May *the 6th*, 1727.

reaſon there is for regarding them with a more favourable eye: Wit is the laſt Eſtate, or means to live on, that a wiſe man would chuſe; all other profeſſions and conditions of life lie in the full view of proſperity; many of them are greatly gainful; others have numerous and conſiderable preferments annexed to them; all tend to ſome certain profit or eſtabliſhment, and perſons bred up in them, with very little merit, or with none at all, by the mere courſe of things, come into handſome circumſtances: The unhappy men alone, I am ſpeaking of, feed on the capriciouſneſs of fortune; all they have to truſt to is the reputation of their pens; no Places, no Proviſions belong to them, as Scholars, or as men of genius; they earn an uncertain livelihood with certain drudgery, and are often obliged to exert very uncommon qualities to obtain very humble things; and yet their talents have not been, the leaſt of all others, beneficial to their country, nor has government it ſelf profited the leaſt by their labours; it ſeems too to be their peculiar misfortune, that that complection, *a caſt of diffidence in the mind*, which ſo often accompanies a ſtudious life, hinders them from puſhing their concerns with that vigour, which people of far meaner qualifications are daily ſeen to do; they have been, and are, for the moſt part, on the ſide of truth and liberty; and I am perſuaded, that the indiſcretion of a few of them by fondly overrating their own merit, by partially and weakly preferring the talents for writing to others of incomparably more ſervice to Society, or by vain unreaſonable expectations of things not fit to be granted them, I am perſuaded, that this weakneſs of ſome will not, in a mind like Yours, be of prejudice to the reſt, nor deprive them of that favour and compaſſion, which they ſtand ſo much in need of: It would, Sir, be a noble part of humanity in You,

while

while You are caſting Your eye abroad upon the general intereſts of Your country, to take theſe poor men into the view, to the end not any, not the leaſt denomination of *Engliſh* Subjects, but may be the better for You, and that all without exception may have reaſon to bleſs Your adminiſtration. But I fear, I am acting a part, that does not become me, and doing my ſelf, perhaps, an honour I have no claim to, while I thus preſume to be an advocate for my unfortunate brethren; But my ſatisfaction is, they will find a much abler and better than in me, I mean, in that illuſtrious Poet, and Patron of Poets, to whom I have the honour of addreſſing the Firſt Ode of *Horace* in the following Specimen of my tranſlation of that Author: It is by a Providence, moſt auſpicious to their intereſts, that this gentleman has ſo conſiderable a ſhare in Your friendſhip, and that he is ſo capable of defending by his power an Art, he has ſo greatly adorn'd by his Example.

I will only beg leave, Sir, further to trouble You with a few Particulars relating to my ſelf or my Author: His *Odes* are, no doubt, the moſt invaluable part of his writings, tho' I know, ſome very ingenious men have thought and aſſerted otherwiſe, the moſt invaluable in all the Eſſential merits of a Poet; for tho' the Satyrs and Epiſtles are written in a fine Spirit, and with great purity of ſtyle; yet do they lie more on a level with proſe, and are but a better kind of it: *Horace* himſelf, 'tis apparent, and all his Contemporaries, thought his Odes his glory; 'tis in them, he has vindicated the Maſter, in them diſplay'd the delicacy at once and elevation of his genius, and 'tis there he contended for the Prize with *Pindar* and *Alcæus*: Of this fineſt portion of the fineſt writer in the world, One half, Sir, is already finiſh'd; the Other waits only the honour of Your commands, with a ſhare of that learned

learned leiſure, and freedom from ordinary avocations, which Verſe, more than other things, requires: I have only to add with reſpect to thoſe Odes, which I have choſen for the Specimen of my Work, that the reaſon of my placing former Verſions of them againſt my own is not, that I preſume in the leaſt to ſet my ſelf in competition with thoſe applauded men, who tranſlated them before me; I only hope, if my tranſlations will bear at all to be ſeen in a light with theirs, or can be read after them with the leaſt approbation, that this will induce men of candour to preſage favourably for my Performance, ſince 'tis one thing to exerciſe ones ſelf on a few lines in a great writer, and another to go thro' his whole Works: A further motive, I hope, for indulging theſe weak Eſſays of mine, will be the acknowledg'd great difficulty of tranſlating this Author, more than any other; a difficulty ſo diſcouraging, that 'tis owing to it, no doubt, that ſo little of him has been yet attempted, except in the way of paraphraſe and imitation; for men, deſpairing to reach his beauties in their natural ſtrength and ſimplicity, have contented themſelves with grafting on him fancies and wit of their own, very diſtant, however pleaſing, from his manner and caſt of thinking; Perſons, therefore, not acquainted with the *Latin* tongue, muſt needs have, I will not ſay, a diſadvantageous, but a very untrue idea of the works of this Capital Claſſic Poet: I omit ſaying any thing of the eminent but unfortunate gentleman, who tranſlated them all ſome years ago, becauſe I take more pleaſure in thinking of him as the tranſlator of *Lucretius*; I would forget, if I could, the laſt efforts of his Muſe, and remember only the firſt; for as he entred upon this latter Work without a *Walpole*, ſo he executed it, one may ſay, without himſelf? ſhould my endeavours iſſue more happily,

bily, let the World, Sir, congratulate You upon it; give me he labour; the glory to my Protector.

Thus, Sir, I have preſumed to lay before You, with all he reſpect, I hope, that becomes me, tho' written in a great deal of haſte, my thoughts on ſuch topics and views, s may, if rightly attended to, extend their good influence ar beyond my perſonal welfare: In conſulting my good You will conſult that of many others; the intereſts of the Poet and his country are here, in diſtant proſpect, blended ogether, and by being the Patron of the One, You will become more a Patriot to the Other.

I am, with the moſt profound Reſpect,

SIR,

Your moſt Obedient and moſt

Humble Servant,

LEONARD WELSTED.

PROPOSALS

FOR

Tranſlating *HORACE.*

THIS Work is to conſiſt of a tranſlation of the entire works of *Horace* in Verſe, together with Notes, and a new Edition of the *Latin*, and ſhall be printed in five Volumes in Quarto, on a very good Paper and Letter.

The terms of Subſcription are a Guinea for each Volume, two to be paid at the time of ſubſcribing, One more on the delivery of the two firſt Volumes in Sheets, the reſt on the Delivery of the other three.

Q. HORATII FLACCI

CARMINUM

LIBER PRIMUS.

AD MÆCENATEM ODE I.

MÆCENAS atavis edite regibus,
O & præsidium, & dulce decus meum:
Sunt quos curriculo pulverem Olympicum
Collegisse juvat; metáque fervidis
Evitata rotis, palmáque nobilis
Terrarum dominos evehit ad Deos.
Hunc, si mobilium turba Quiritium
Certat tergeminis tollere honoribus:

The same by Mr. *CREECH.*

TO MÆCENAS.

Mæcenas, born of royal blood,
My joy, my guard, and sweetest good;
Some love with rapid Wheels to raise
Olympian dust, and gather praise;

The FIRST ODE of the FIRST BOOK of *HORACE.*

To the Right Honourable

GEORGE DODINGTON, Esq;

I.

DESCENDED from old *British* Sires!
Great *Dodington*, to Kings allied;
My Patron Thou! my Laurel's Pride!
There are, whom thirst of Fame inspires

II.

To win the Lordly *Græcian* Prize;
And the proud Dust, and Wheels, that roll,
Swift as the Lightning, round the Goal,
Uplift Earth's Sovereigns to the Skies:

III.

These Struggle, with ambitious pains,
To be by wavering Crowds adored;

Where Races won, and Palms bestow'd,
Do lift a King into a God:
And some in high commands are proud,
That great preferment of the crowd;
Blown by their breath the bubble flies,
Gaz'd at a-while, then breaks and dies;

Those,

Illum, ſi proprio condidit horreo

Quidquid de Libycis verritur areis,

Gaudentem patrios findere ſarculo

Agros, Attalicis conditionibus

Nunquam dimoveas, ut trabe Cypriâ

Myrtoum pavidus nauta ſecet mare.

Luctantem Icariis fluctibus Africum

Mercator metuens, otium, & oppidi

Laudat rura ſui: mox reficit rates

Quaſſas, indocilis pauperiem pati.

Eſt qui nec veteris pocula Maſſici,

Nec partem ſolido demere de die

Spernit, nunc viridi membra ſub arbuto

Stratus, nunc ad aquæ lene caput ſacræ.

Another ploughs his father's fields;
His barn holds all that *Libya* yields;
And hopes of wealth, and worlds of gain
Shall never tempt him from the Plain;
Or draw his fearful Soul to ride
In feeble ſhips, and ſtem the tide:
The Merchants toſt in angry Seas,
That praiſe their fields, and quiet eaſe,

Multos

Thoſe, in their Granaries, uphoard
The Harveſts, mow'd on *Libya*'s plains:

IV.

While Others, pleas'd with rural arts,
Manure their own Paternal fields;
Nor ſhall the treaſure, *Phrygia* yields,
Perſuade them, with deſponding hearts,

V.

To croſs in Ships th' *Ægean* Seas:
The Merchant, when the South-weſt Blaſt,
With Surges ſtruggling, drives the Maſt,
Moſt happy calls a life of eaſe;

VI.

Moſt happy his ſweet native Air!
Yet, ſtraight, he haſtens to reform
His Veſſel, ſhatter'd in the Storm;
Ill-nurtur'd Poverty to bear!

VII.

There are, who quaff, throughout the Day,
Old *Maſſic* Wine, or careleſs laid
Beneath the Wilding-Apple's Shade,
Or where the riſing Fountains play:

Yet rig their tatter'd Ships once more,
Untaught, unable to be poor:
Some, underneath a Myrtle ſhade,
Or by ſmooth Springs, ſupinely laid,
With mirth, and wine, and wanton play
Contract the buſineſs of the day:

VIII. And

Multos caſtra juvant, & lituo tubæ

Permiſtus ſonitus, belláque matribus

Deteſtata. manet ſub Jove frigido

Venator, teneræ conjugis immemor,

Seu viſa eſt catulis cerva fidelibus,

Seu rupit teretes Marſus aper plagas.

Te doctarum hederæ præmia frontium

Dîs miſcent ſuperis: te gelidum nemus,

Nympharúmque leves cum Satyris chori

Secernunt populo: ſi neque tibias

Euterpe cohibet, nec Polyhymnia

Lesboum refugit tendere barbiton.

Shrill trumpets ſounds and noiſy wars,
That Mothers hate, pleaſe other ears:
The hunter doth his eaſe forgoe,
He lies abroad in froſt, in ſnow;
He ſoon forgets his pleaſing wife,
And all the ſoft delights of life,
Whilſt faithful hounds a Deer purſue,
Or have a raging Boar in view:

VIII.

And many be, whom Camps delight,
Who in the Fife's, and Clarion's Voice,
The Symphony of War, rejoice,
And Battles, that fond Mothers fright:

IX.

The Hunter bears bleak Cold, and Wet,
Unmindful of his lovely Spouſe;
Whether the Stag the Beagles rouze,
Or the wild Boar has broke the Net:

X.

To thee the Ivy Crown belongs;
For thee alike and *Phœbus* wove!
Thee, *Dodington*, the gelid Grove,
And the light *Nymphs*, and *Druid*-Throngs,

XI.

Shall o'er the Vulgar greatly blaze;
If *Clio* not reſtrain the Lyre,
Nor ſhe, that does the Flute inſpire,
Refuſe the *Lesbian* Note to raiſe:

The purling ſtreams and ſhady grove,
Where Nymphs and Satyrs dance, and love,
Green Ivy Crowns, that only ſpread
Freſh honours round a learned head,
Shall raiſe my name above the crowd,
And lift me up into a God;
If Muſes kind ſhall ſtring my Lyre
Or tune my Pipe, and heats inſpire:

Quòd ſi me Lyricis vatibus inſeres,

Sublimi feriam ſidera vertice.

If you, my Lord, approve my Vein,
And count me 'mongſt the Lyric train,

AD NAVEM QUA VIRGILIUS VEHEBATUR ATHENAS PROFICISCENS. ODE III.

SIC te diva potens Cypri,
Sic fratres Helenæ, lucida ſidera,
Ventorúmque regat pater,
Obſtrictis aliis, præter Iapyga,
Navis, quæ tibi creditum
Debes Virgilium: finibus Atticis
Reddas incolumem, precor,
Et ſerves animæ dimidium meæ.

The ſame by Mr. *DRYDEN.*

So may th' auſpicious Queen of Love,
And the Twin Stars (the Seed of *Jove*)
And he, who rules the raging Wind
To thee, O ſacred Ship, be kind,

XII.

I too the golden *Harp*, my Pride,
And fair Diſtinction, fain would claim;
Give me a *Lyric* Poet's Name,
And I'll look down on all beſide.

Secure from death I'll proudly riſe,
And hide my head in lofty skies.

HORACE ODE III. Lib. I.

To the YACHT *that is to bring over the Marquis of* BLANDFORD.

MAY *Beauty*'s Goddeſs guide thy way!
The bright *Twin*-Stars diſpenſe their Ray!
The *Sire* of winds the winds compoſe,
All but the Gale, that northward blows!
O *Yacht*, that all my Hopes doſt bear,
Entruſted with great *Marlbro*'s Heir!
O guard the Darling of the Land,
And give him ſafe to *Dover*'s Strand.

And gentle Breezes fill thy Sails,
Supplying ſoft *Eteſian* Gales;
As thou, to whom the Muſe commends
The beſt of Poets and of Friends,
Doſt thy committed Pledge reſtore,
And land him ſafely on the Shore:
And ſave the better part of me,
From periſhing with him at Sea.

Illi robur, & æs triplex
Circa pectus erat, qui fragilem truci
Commisit pelago ratem
Primus, nec timuit præcipitem Africum
Decertantem Aquilonibus,
Nec tristes Hyadas, nec rabiem Noti:
Quo non arbiter Adriæ
Major, tollere, seu ponere vult freta.
Quem mortis timuit gradum.
Qui siccis oculis monstra natantia,
Qui vidit mare turgidum, &
Infames scopulos Acroceraunia?
Nequicquam Deus abscidit
Prudens Oceano dissociabili
Terras: si tamen impiæ
Non tangenda rates transiliunt vada.
Audax omnia perpeti
Gens humana ruit per vetitum nefas.

Sure he, who first the Passage try'd,
In harden'd Oak his Heart did hide,
And Ribs of Iron arm'd his Side!
Or his at least, in hollow Wood,
Who tempted first the briny Flood;
Nor fear'd the Winds contending roar,
Nor Billows beating on the Shore;
Nor *Hyades* portending Rain;
Nor all the Tyrants of the Main.
What Form of Death cou'd him affright,
Who unconcern'd with stedfast Sight
Cou'd view the Surges mounting steep,
And Monsters rolling in the Deep;

Oak was his Heart, his Breaſt with Steel
Thrice mail'd, that firſt the brittle Keel
Committed to the murth'rous Deep;
Nor dreaded battling Winds, that ſweep
The Flood, the *Hyads* ſtormy Train,
Nor furious *South*, of *Adria*'s Main
The lawleſs Monarch, be his will
T' enrage the gulfy Wave, or ſtill:
All fear of death did he repell,
Who, tearleſs, ſaw the Billows ſwell;
Saw the fell Monſters floating by,
And Rocks, deaf to the Seaman's cry!
Vain has Almighty Wiſdom plac'd,
For Earth's fix'd Borne, the watry Waſte;
If impious men the Art have found
T' o'erleap th' inviolable Mound:
Bold Man, that all things dares aſſay,
Thro' crimes forbidden makes his way;

Cou'd thro' the Ranks of Ruin go,
With Storms above, and Rocks below!
In vain did Nature's wiſe Command
Divide the Waters from the Land,
If daring Ships, and Men prophane,
Invade th' inviolable Main;
Th' eternal Fences over-leap;
And paſs at will the boundleſs Deep.
No Toil, no Hardſhip can reſtrain
Ambitious Man inur'd to Pain;
The more confin'd, the more he tries,
And at forbidden Quarry flies.

Audax Iapeti genus
Ignem fraude malâ gentibus intulit.
Poſt ignem ætheriâ domo
Subductum, macies, & nova febrium
Terris incubuit cohors :
Semotíque priùs tarda neceſſitas
Lethi, corripuit gradum.
Expertus vacuum Dædalus aëra
Pennis non homini datis.
Perrupit Acheronta Herculeus labor.
Nil mortalibus arduum eſt.
Cœlum ipſum petimus ſtultitiâ : neque
Per noſtrum patimur ſcelus
Iracunda Jovem ponere fulmina.

Thus bold *Prometheus* did aſpire,
And ſtole from Heaven the Seed of Fire ;
A Train of Ills, a Ghaſtly Crew,
The Robber's blazing track purſue ;
Fierce Famine, with her Meager Face,
And Fevers of the fiery Race,
In Swarms th' offending Wretch ſurround,
All brooding on the blaſted Ground :
And limping Death laſh'd on by Fate
Comes up to ſhorten half our Date.

Bold *Japhet*'s Race, of human kind
The Curſe, cœleſtial fire purloin'd;
The fire cœleſtial ill-obtain'd,
Straight, the wan lingring *Pthiſis* reign'd;
Came *Fevers*, with peſtiferous breath,
A ſpotted Legion! and ſlow Death,
Far off before, tho' ſure decreed,
Catch'd up his ſteps, and march'd with ſpeed:
Preſuming *Dædalus!* he tried
Thro' Air, with Wings to Man denied,
To journey; raſh *Alcmena*'s Son
The Barriers broke of *Acheron*:
To deeds ſtupendous Mortals riſe;
We ev'n in folly brave the Skies,
Nor ſuffer *Jove*, thro' ſtubborn Pride,
To lay th' uplifted Bolt aſide.

This made not *Dedalus* beware,
With borrow'd Wings to Sail in Air:
To Hell *Alcides* forc'd his Way,
Plung'd thro' the Lake and ſnatch'd his Prey.
Nay, ſcarce the Gods, or Heavenly Climes
Are ſafe from our audacious Crimes;
We reach at *Jove*'s Imperial Crown,
And pull th' unwilling Thunder down.

AD PYRRHAM. ODE. V.

QUIS multâ gracilis te puer in rosâ
Perfuſus liquidis urget odoribus
Grato, Pyrrha, ſub antro?
Cui flavem religas comam,
Simplex munditiis? heu, quoties fidem,
Mutatóſque Deos flebit, & aſpera
Nigris æquora ventis
Emirabitur inſolens,
Quid nunc te fruitur credulus aureâ:
Qui ſemper vacuam, ſemper amabilem
Sperat, neſcius auræ
Fallacis. miſeri, quibus

The ſame by Mr. *MILTON.*

What ſlender Youth bedew'd with liquid odours
Courts thee on Roſes in ſome pleaſant Cave,
Pyrrha? for whom bind'ſt thou
In wreaths thy golden Hair,

Intenta

HORACE ODE V. LIB. I.

WHO, *Amorett*, is now the Joy
Of thy fond heart? what blooming Boy,
Rich-eſſenc'd, and on Roſe-beds laid,
Pant's o'er thee in the Grotto's Shade?

For whom, like Rural Maidens fair,
Wreath'ſt thou with Flow'rs thy flaxen Hair?
How oft ſhall He thy Faith arraign?
Of the chang'd Gods how oft complain?

With what ſurprize, unwont, ſurvey
The lowring Heav'ns and clouded Day?
The Youth, who, now with Smiles careſt,
Truſts in the Charms, that make him bleſt?

Who paints thee vacant, lovely, kind;
Unweening of the faithleſs Wind!
Curs'd! who to thoſe falſe Smiles confide;
Doat on that darling Face untried!

Plain in thy neatneſs? O how oft ſhall he
On Faith and changed Gods complain: and Seas
Rough with black winds and ſtorms
Unwonted ſhall admire:

Who now enjoys thee credulous, all Gold,
Who always vacant, always amiable
Hopes thee, of flattering gales
Unmindful. Hapleſs they

Intentata nites. me tabulâ ſacer
Votivâ paries indicat uvida
Suſpendiſſe potenti
Veſtimenta maris Deo.

To whom thou untry'd ſeem'ſt fair. Me in my vow'd
Picture the ſacred wall declares t' have hung

In yonder *Tablett* 'tis expreſt,
That I have hung my Sea-dank Veſt,
An Offering, in his ſacred Shrine,
To the great Power, that rules the Brine.

My dank and dropping weeds
To the ſtern God of Sea.

AD ARISTIUM FUSCUM. ODE XXII.

INTEGER vitæ, ſceleríſque purus
Non eget Mauris jaculis, neque arcu,
Nec venenatis gravidâ ſagittas,
Fuſce, pharetâ:
Sive per Syrtes iter æſtuoſas,
Sive facturus per inhoſpitalem
Caucaſum, vel quæ loca fabuloſus
Lambit Hydaſpes.
Namque me ſylvâ lupus in Sabinâ,
Dum meam canto Lalagen, & ultrà
Terminum curis vagor expeditus,
Fugit inermem.

The ſame by Lord *ROSCOMMON.*

I.

Virtue (dear Friend) needs no Defence,
No Arms but its own Innocence;
Quivers and Bows, and poiſon'd Darts,
Are only us'd by Guilty Hearts.

Qua

HORACE ODE XXII. LIB. I.

To the Right Honourable the Earl of PEMBROKE.

FROM Virtue's laws who never parts,
O *Pembroke*, ſafe may go
Without the *Mooriſh* Lance or Bow,
Or Quiver ſtor'd with poiſon'd Darts,
The Womb of Woe!
Whether thro' *Libya*'s ſcorching Land
To journey he provides,
By Savage *Caucas*' rocky Sides,
Or where the Stream, o'er golden Sand,
Of *Indus* glides:
For while, with *Norman* Landſchapes charm'd,
To my ſweet Lute I played,
And, wrapt in *Harriot*, careleſs ſtrayed,
A Wolf eſpied me, all unarm'd,
And fled diſmayed:

II.

An Honeſt Mind ſafely alone
May travel thro' the Burning Zone;
Or thro' the deepeſt *Scythian* Snows,
Or where the fam'd *Hydaſpes* flows;

III.

While rul'd by a reſiſtleſs Fire,
Our great *Orinda* I admire,
The hungry Wolves that ſee me ſtray,
Unarm'd and ſingle, run away.

Quale portentum neque militaris
Daunia in latis alit æſculetis:
Nec Jubæ tellus generat, leonum
Arida nutrix.

Pone me, pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor æſtivâ recreatur aurâ:
Quod latus mundi nebulæ, malúſque
Jupiter urget:

Pone ſub curru nimiùm propinqui
Solis, in terrâ domibus negatâ:
Dulcè ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulcè loquentem.

IV.

Set me in the Remoteſt Place
That ever *Neptune* did embrace,
When there her Image fills my Breaſt,
Helicon is not half ſo *bleſt*.

V.

Leave me upon ſome *Libyan* Plain,
So ſhe my Fancy entertain,

FINIS.

A direr Portent, nor a worſe,
Has warlike *Daunia* view'd,
Thro' her vaſt Wilds and Foreſts rude;
Nor *Juba*'s arid Realms, that nurſe
The Lion-brood:
Bear me to cold and wintry Plains,
Where no fair-bloſſom'd Trees
Adduce the ſoft-aſpiring Breeze;
But Fogs abound, and chilly Rains,
With Dews that freeze:
In the burnt Climate let me reek;
The houſeleſs deſart Iſle!
There *Harriot* ſhall my Cares beguile;
My *Harriot*, that does ſweetly ſpeak,
And ſweetly ſmile!

And when the thirſty Monſters meet,
They'll all pay homage to my Feet.

VI.

The Magick of *Orinda*'s Name
Not only can their Fierceneſs tame,
But if that mighty Word I once rehearſe,
They ſeem ſubmiſſively to roar in Verſe.

FINIS.

VI.